APPEND.

By FERGUS HUMB

A modern mystery story. A golden peacock, jewel stud-ded, secreted the hiding place of a fortune in precious gems, and with this mystery was coupled that of a crime of which the innocent were accused. But, in the end, both mysteries were solved.

BEGINS IN NEXT MONDAY'S EVENING WORLD

Cognition to Down & Barrie.)

BY HOLMAN DAY

A treasure-hunting story. Three million dollars in gold bars was the prize, buried under only a

little sand and water; but diving for it brought

to its seekers startling adventures that will

Charter I.

CAME up from the mud of the bottom of the Atlantic Ocean one day—come bubbling up through seven fathoms of rolled waterwas trustled to a ratiroad station, was bumped across the Ameritran continent on statted car seats and a tourist ticket, and then I dropped into the surges of the Panific.

This may be a rather blunt beginning, and a reader may think be rting in on the biography of a transplanted seed system.

don't tell this story in fust the way a real author would, plane sen faults I have heard a lot of men-men who are in other professo than the writing game—ony that they proposed to write some good ories when they had the time.

I Rose Bidney, submarine diver, used to say that same thing to myself. lived some fairly ratting, good stories, you see. I am going to echo right here and now: I started in a long time ago to write this story. Fon I did write it-page and page and page. Oh, I gnawed up uncounted fers, and steeped my fingers to this se thoroughly that I'm sure ! wid have done baif a dosen jobe on wharf maloury in ave fathome withwashing out the stains.

I stared at the ceiling, searching my soul for words, until I got cross-When it was all done I read the thing over and burned up the whole I'm glad I did it. I have thought the matter over carefully, and I on I made a big mistake in that writing. I told the story just as though to a more tale, and had happened to some one else.

So I set my test to-day and picked

a pen and started in by being hona about this job. I'm going to tell
a state—and it's a true tale—and I'm
sparaje from that trade wind gets
this to a mixed drink. Tou'll do most
anything in San Francisco when the
sparaje from that trade wind gets
this your lungs.

So I tipped father the wink.

"Give her the jingle when she starts
sparaje, though i have never bad
so parajing, though i have never bad
so parajing though it is no slow for you the way you
so patience to yarn it off to any perare feeling."

I was right in my guess. He
crooked his forefinger, reached down,
and the and yanked empty air.

As I have said, I came up out of crooked his forefinger, reached down, and the ballentic Ocean one day, and the and yanked empty air.

"Clang!" he barked. In a few sections; before that suit was fairly dried out I had it stuffed into a duck again. Father gave me as silly a grin as I ever saw on a grown-up man's as I ever saw on a grown-up man's face. "Lingle-lingle:" he yelled in falsetto. And away he went!

in falsetto. And away he went!

I was not headed for a job. I had nighty from a pretty girl than I got from that one when I turned and caught that one when I turned and caught that one was nothing shrink-ing or bashful about her when she was mad, so I found out then and there.

SAND-LOCKED

MISS LADY YOU BROFFED YOUR HANKY GERALD DISGIVLE WOULD HAVE ENJOYED BEING OF SERVICE TO THE LADIES

Life's Little "Ifs"



OH DID I DROP

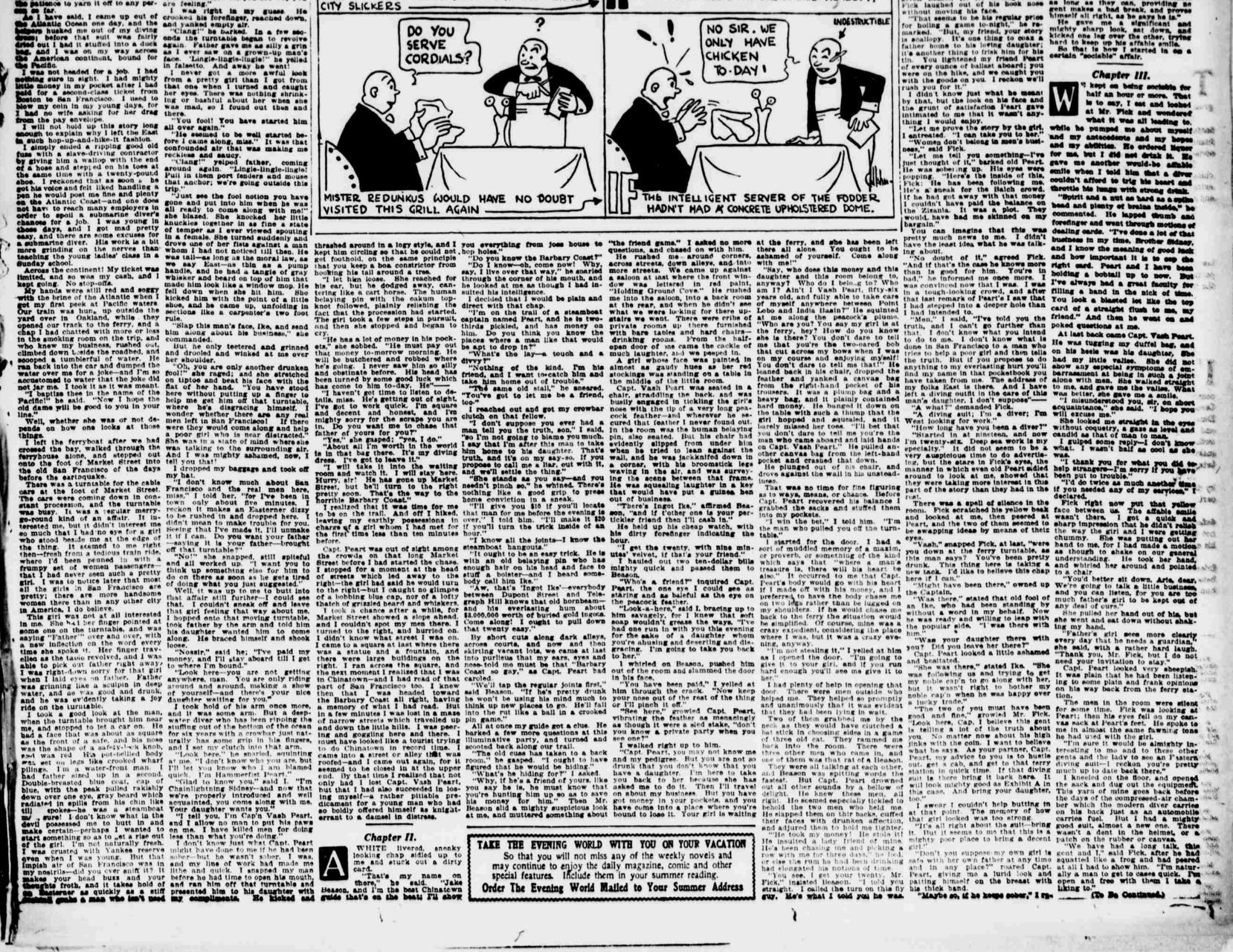
By Jack Callahan

HONEST UNK! I'M OFFERIN'
YOU A BARGAIN, IF YOU BUY THIS I'LL LET YOU BRIDGE FOR

UNCLE HIRAM MIGHT HAVE BEEN MEAT FOR THOSE







begins in Next mondays evening world.

I was mighty busy just these with the two mean who were holding me, and tart Peart was giving me some of you, you are a hanced pear guarding and and tart Peart was giving me some of the control of the contro